

APRIL 2013

THE WINTER'S TALE

KALEIDOSCOPE :: BINGLEY LITTLE THEATRE

A sad tale's best for winter

Good my lords, I am not prone to weeping

WE'LL THWACK HIM HENCE WITH DISTAFFS

Lawn as white as driven snow

Do me no harm, good man

NEITHER She came from

WHAT NEITHER? Libya

NEITHER Three clowns and

HERE'S SOME BOOT still three

Leontes leaving, the effects of his fond

jealousies so grieving that he shuts up himself

Cries 'O thy mother, thy mother!'

Despite our joy we count the cost...

Nor NOTHING The queen,

have these The queen,

NOTHING The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead

if this be Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

NOTHING MUSIC, AWAKE HER, STRIKE!

We must disguise ourselves

A gallimaufry of gambols

BETTER BURN IT NOW

THAN CURSE IT THEN

But dark may follow light

Come on,

strike up!

The most peerless piece of earth, I think, that'er the sun shone bright on

Come on, poor babe:

some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens to be thy nurses!

What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?

TELL ME WHAT BLESSINGS I HAVE HERE ALIVE, THAT I SHOULD FEAR TO DIE?

I have sold all my trumpery

What noise The day

there, ho? frowns

IT IS FOR YOU more

WE SPEAK, and more

NOT FOR OURSELVES

Jump her and thump her

THIS IS SHAKESPEARE!

Is it true, think you?

Her jewel about the neck of it

IF THIS BE MAGIC,

LET IT BE AN ART

LAWFUL AS EATING

Satisfy! The entreaties of your mistress! Satisfy!

Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing so aged as this seems

O We all kneel

Undone!

Undone!

All this we swear

AND YET

WE WILL

REMEMBER

Go: fresh horses!

At my request he would not...

Come my gracious lord, shall I be your playfellow?

A man, who hath a daughter of most rare note

He was torn to pieces with a bear

O lady Fortune, stand you auspicious

THIS IS THE CHASE:

I AM GONE FOR EVER

No longer shall you gaze on't,

lest your fancy may think anon it moves

You will not own it?

Jog on, jog on

Have I done well?

How! Gone! / Is dead

THIS BRAT IS NONE OF MINE!

Tears shed there shall be my recreation

NINE CHANGES OF THE WATERY STAR

What fine chisel could ever yet cut breath?

How the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them;

and how the poor gentleman roared and the bear mocked him

Good queen, my lord, good queen

Methodists a father is at the nuptial of his son a quest that best becomes the table

I am put to sea with her whom here I cannot hold on shore

A HE HAS A SON, WHO SHALL BE PLAYED ALIVE.

He thinks, nay swears, that you have touch'd his queen forbiddenly

Is this the daughter of a king? /

She is, when once she is my wife

I'll have no wife, Paulina

Some call him Autolycus

BY MY WHITE BEARD

Cry fie upon my grave

HILLOA LOA!

Come, your

hand, and

daughter,

yours.

I like your silence

Some stair-work

Some trunk-work

Some behind-closed-door-work

For the king's son took my hand and called me brother;

and then the two kings called my father brother,

and then the prince my brother

and the princess my sister

called my father father

YOU ARE

ROUGH

AND HAIRY

Nay, that's a mock

Oh kiss me, Florizel,

and from your sacred vials pour your graces upon my daughter's head

I think, Camillo?

As she lived peerless, so her dead likeness

TIS A LUCKY DAY, BOY

AND WELL DO GOOD DEEDS ON'T